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A CUP OF COLD WATER.

WHAT tender and what pleasing thoughts does not a cup of cold water bring to our minds! It has been in all ages the free-will offering of friendship; the one favor which every stranger might demand as a right, and the gift which has more than once brought honor and profit to the giver. We are told in Scripture that Rebecca, by giving a drink at the well to Abraham's servant, got a rich husband and became the mother of a mighty people. Has not Sir Philip Sidney, for having, when lying mortally wounded on the field of Zutphen, directed water, which was brought him, to be given to a wounded soldier near by, with the remark, "His need is greater than mine," been held in more honor than for all his fighting, all his poems, and all his romances? Instances might be multiplied, but space forbids, and it is unnecessary, since every man has, at one time or another, felt the desire to have the power of calling blessings upon the heads of those who had given him water to drink.

Mr. Davis's picture needs no comment; it too clearly tells its own story. The well, with its long, awkward "sweep" and "old oaken bucket;" the pleasant-faced maiden poising the bucket on the brink, while watching the movements of the youngster whose cup she has just filled; the delighted countenance of the heated little one himself, and, not least, the dog slaking his thirst from the trough—all these make up a picture common enough yet always fresh and pleasing. We do not know just who the boy is, but can easily conjecture that he may be the son of some neighbor; or, perhaps, though less probably, the irrepressible brother of the maiden with the bucket—the "ne'er-do-weel" of the family. Be that as it may, he is clearly a truant, much given to roaming the fields with his equally vagabond quadrupedal companion; not at all in love with school, and chiefly learned in such matters as wood-chuck holes, birds' nests, the haunts of humble-bees, the deep holes in the brooks where the trout gather in the hot days, and similar folk-lore.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

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REST.

THERE is a little settlement in New Jersey, back of Montclair, rather difficult to get at, but worth labor to reach—I found it, close toward twilight, about four years ago. My wife and child sorely needed fresh air and rest. "Country board" was to be found in hundreds of places by consulting the advertisements of the *Herald;* but with a half-selfish feeling, perhaps, I thought I would look out "fresh fields and pastures new"—and tramp the country in a manner not stereotyped—under the heat of a June sun. I hunted the slopes of the mountains until the gold clouds found me, somewhat footsore and weary, at the opening of a pleasant road, unromantically called Gould's Lane. At the corner, bounded by the little druggery, the blacksmith's shop and the general grocery, I made enquiries which finally informed me that they "kind o' guessed Mr. V—— might take city folks as boarders." I should have said Mrs. V——, as she manages the household. In the deepening twilight I walked along a country road for more than a mile, past groves of oak and walnut, undulating fields and rich pastures. I reached the house indicated, was successful in my application, and in two or three days myself and family were safely and comfortably quartered. An old farmhouse, straggling in every direction, having been added to, piecemeal, as convenience and a growing family necessitated—invidious of architecture, form or model—was to be our summer home. The rooms were clean and airy, and the breezes creeping through the vale fanned us at evening to pleasant rest. Complete shade environed us, save the few glimmerings of sunlight which searched their way through the rich foliage of the trees.

The well and the "old oaken bucket" gave sweet draughts of water. The meat from the weekly butcher was kept fresh and sweet in its cool depths. The hill ascended behind and sloped in front. Across the road was the large barn and outhouses, and henneries and styes, not yet depleted by winter's consumption. The descent back of the barn was at one time gentle, at another declivitous, until the bed of one of the prettiest streams in the world was reached—a pretty little brooklet, around which were small fringes of greenest grass and moss, overhanging walnut trees with generous shade, myriads of butter-cups and daisies; little tomtits and louder-voiced robins skipped here and there; and in the winding portions of the brook, where the waters lay still, once and again the frog gulped out his sonorous note. We made a ford with small stones, and dry shod crossed the stream. Our child plucked violets and dandelions, and making them into tasteful bunches, scattered them over us, and, in buoyant, blythesome spirit, hunted ferns and lilies-of-the-valley on the opposite slope. Three walnut trees, close together, on the margin of the stream, with healthy leaves and far-reaching branches, protected us from the summer's sun.

The brook, in some parts almost stopped in its course by luxuriant beds of cool watercresses, threw a glorious green and appetizing feature into our view, as we rested peacefully and took in sweet draughts of wholesome air in that pleasant dell, yet eight hundred feet above the sea. When we mounted the hill, back of our summer home, we could, half way up its height, see New York, looking cloudy and dusty, and hot and dirty—while the simple view before and around us made us draw a long breath of relief—oaks, and walnuts, and pines, and spruces, birch, and maple, and heather, were so strange. The thought of the dry, arid front stoop, and the area of our town home reached our memory in strong contrast.

The smallest piece of broken bark, the mossy fringes of the drying pines, the twig lichens, which nestled about the decaying trunks and branches of the trees were revelations. As we rested, the rustling of the beetles' wings, the singing of the locusts and the hum of the bees soothed to quiet. We had no care—no thought or anxiety to oppress. Lying lazily, looking up to the shimmering air, gluttonous of rest, we would wait the whole summer's afternoon until the soft distant sound of the horn summoned us to one of the most serious tasks of the day—the enjoyment of our evening meal, bucolic and agrarian. —*D. De Witt.*

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JEAN BAPTISTE MADOU.

THE world of art has lately sustained a great loss in the death of the painter Madou. The career of Jean Baptiste Madou was long and brilliant; he died, as it were, upon the field of battle. He, the water colorist